

THE TOWNS AROUND.

GREENSBORO.

Mrs. Andrew Calderwood died Friday morning of typhoid pneumonia. Funeral Saturday at 1 p. m.

Mr. Tiffany and Mr. Perkins and family were called to Stannard Thursday to attend the funeral of Hiram Phillips.

Willie Hill has closed his labors at G. Y. Simpson's where he has been for several years and is now working for R. A. Ritchie.

Most of the schools in town closed Friday. The teachers in the village and the Lumsden districts, Miss Wilson and Miss Lumsden got up a picnic for their scholars and the parents at the "High Banks" and all enjoyed the day.

A. C. Chase out up the frame to a 40 foot addition to his large barn.

Mrs. Clara Kinney is keeping house for E. O. Randall.

Mrs. Miller and family of New York are established in their summer quarters by the lake.

Mrs. Ellsworth from Cambridge is visiting at D. C. Melvin's.

William Campbell and family from New York city have rented the Sampson cottage for the season and taken possession.

Goods sold well at S. P. Pinney's auction Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Ingalls and W. S. Ingalls and wife have gone to Old Orchard beach for a few days.

Carroll Staples and family of Lyndonville are in camp on his lot by the lake for a few weeks.

We understand our liquor agency is closed, Mr. Melvin having decided not to sell any more.

LYNDONVILLE.

William A. Bemis of Worcester, Mass., who was at Lyndonville on a brief visit, died Saturday, June 17. By a strange coincidence he died on the very spot where 70 years ago he was born.

Mr. Bemis has been a resident of Worcester for a quarter of a century, and his erect figure was familiar to many who did not enjoy his acquaintance. He was a carpenter and builder by occupation and was widely and favorably known by his associates. He was a man who had made diligent use of his time and had a large fund of information. He was a lover of books, and was able to express himself with singular grace. He made several inventions and was a man of original ideas. He had rare kindness of disposition and was genial in temperament, loving his fellowmen, and happiest when he was doing good to others. His wife and son survive him, Addison L. Bemis being a well-known artist. Mr. Bemis was identified with the Universalist church.

The Shrinking of a Continent.

It would have seemed impossible a few years ago to think that the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific could be spanned in a trifle over four days.

This has been accomplished, however, by the Canadian Pacific Railway, who, beginning with Sunday, June 18, will run their "Imperial Limited" fast train daily from Montreal to the Pacific coast. It is useless to go into detail in regard to the Canadian Pacific's reputation for perfect service and equipment. The magnificent scenery that borders this route has also become a tradition. The superb ocean steamers with which they connect with Hawaii, Australia, Japan, China and the Philippines have an established reputation that is fully understood by the public. The fact that they have inaugurated this service so that but four days will be consumed between Montreal and the Pacific coast, and one may take this journey in a luxurious palace car without change, has caused many inquiries from all classes of travelers. This is the route that should be taken by every one desiring to reach Banff, Seattle, Portland, Ore., Alaska and San Francisco, as well as the Pacific ocean stations mentioned above. For those who wish to follow the course of Empire, even though they do it by going from the East to the West in this instance, as well as for those who are in search of the easiest and the most luxurious way of reaching the Pacific coast, nothing surely will be found that is more up to date than this new train now to be established by this railway system.

SOUTH RYEGATE.

Wedding Bells.

A very pretty home wedding occurred at the residence of Andrew Buchanan last Wednesday afternoon, when their daughter, Ida Mae Welch, was united in marriage to Charles H. Grant of this place. Rev. S. A. Jackson performing the ceremony. The attendants were Misses Cecil Buck from East Roxbury and Miss Mary Grant from Barre, Alex. Beaton and Irving Gillilan. A reception was held from 8 o'clock till 10.30, at which ice cream and cake were served. Many useful gifts were left.

The choir rehearsal of the First Presbyterian church was held with Mrs. J. D. McAllister last Friday evening.

A number of our people attended the golden wedding reception of J. R. Darling at Groton last Saturday afternoon and evening.

Rev. Alton H. Cowles of Akron, N. Y., arrived in town last Friday. He conducted the preparatory service at the Presbyterian church on Saturday afternoon and administered the sacrament last Sabbath. It is expected that he will supply the same pulpit next Sunday.

William Farquharson is to work for Albert Wright on Jefferson Hill through buying.

James McKenzie of Barre, a former resident here, is visiting old friends for a few days.

Adna Terry is on a visiting trip in Tilton, N. H., and Boston.

Mrs. John McCloud of St. Johnsbury is visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert Farquharson, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gibson and youngest daughter of Haverhill, N. H., were at his father's, Pringle Gibson, last Sunday.

Mrs. Stacy, daughter of Donald Beaton, arrived in town last Saturday for a short visit.

As Mr. and Mrs. Fred Joslin were returning to Waitsfield Thursday, while descending the mountain road towards Waitsfield, the harness broke and the horse ran, throwing Mr. and Mrs. Joslin out of the carriage, injuring Mrs. Joslin so severely that she died in a few minutes and before aid could be summoned. Mr. Joslin was badly bruised but he sustained no permanent injury.

PEACHAM.

William Henderson died June 26, aged 86. He was born in Belton, Sterling county, Scotland. He came to this country in 1819, with his parents who settled in Ryegate, and it was nearly 50 years ago that he settled on the farm where he died in the east part of the town. He married Hannah Gray of Ryegate in 1838, who died about 1860. He married in 1864 Elizabeth McLaughlin of Barre who died in 1885. He had 13 children seven of them now living: Mrs. J. B. Dickey, of Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. Thomas Scott, of Perry, Ia.; Robert H., of Iowa; Louis of San Francisco; William J., of Lower Waterford; Mary and Andrew, who live at home. Mr. Henderson was a typical Vermont farmer, and a much respected citizen. He was a member of the United Presbyterian church at Barre Centre and an elder for 29 years, and was always an earnest church member. He was one of the oldest men in town, and one to receive a first copy of the CALEDONIAN in 1837, which he has taken ever since.

Cleanings.

It is an interesting story that of the Kansas man who accidentally shot a neighbor's dog. In trying to show how it happened, he accidentally shot the dog's owner, and later on, when explaining the second accident to the coroner, he accidentally shot that official. The officials decided to dispense with further explanations and dropped the investigation.

Buddha's tooth, presented by the people of Burma to the Maligawa temple at Kandy in Ceylon, has been seized by the custom house officers. The relic is enclosed in a jeweled case worth 150,000 rupees. The Colombo custom house demanded 10,000 rupees as duty, but cut this down to 7000 rupees. The Burmese do not wish to pay any duty, and have appealed to the secretary of state for India for relief.

A Practical Joke.

A business man from Baltimore found himself in a peculiar predicament one day, says the New York Press. He visits New York about once a month. He sleeps with his glass eye in a tumbler, and there a friend found it one morning. The sight suggested a practical joke—put the eye in Mr. X's overcoat pocket. Done! When the friend departed, being short of money for the moment, he pawned his own overcoat for \$10. In the afternoon there came an urgent telegram to Mr. X., who had been unable to leave his room on account of the missing eye, and whose frame of mind was all distorted and warped. The friend frankly confessed:

"Bill, I meant it only as a simple joke. You will find your eye in your overcoat pocket." But it was not there. "It must be, because I put it there myself," urged the joker. The coat was held up by the tail and shaken.

"By thunder! I wonder if I could have put it in my own coat?"

"Where's your coat?"

"I've pawned it. I didn't want to borrow and needed a few dollars."

"How much is it in for?"

"Ten dollars."

Mr. X. produced \$10 and the coat was redeemed. The eye was in the inside pocket. He carefully washed it, slipped it into place and walked out after 12 hours of solitary confinement.

Odd Things in Whisky Making.

"There are lots of queer things about the whisky business," said an expert the other night, "and one of the queerest is the peculiar quality that a distillery, for no apparent cause, will lend to its output. The thing has never been explained, but, nevertheless, it's an undeniable fact. I knew a distiller who sold his old plant and moved to a more desirable locality, where he tried to put up an exact duplicate. He even went so far as to smash a couple of windows that happened to be broken in the old establishment, but it was no go; he couldn't make the same kind of whisky to save his soul."

"This same difficulty has destroyed the usefulness of many a valuable brand. Another singular phenomenon is the impossibility of making a good Bourbon whisky east of Kentucky as a good rye west of the Alleghenies. I speak in broad terms. Apparently the feat has been accomplished a few times, but investigation has always developed the fact that the makers of seaboard Bourbon were of blue grass origin and the chaps who succeeded in turning out an inland rye were aliens from the east. A real Kentucky colonel will not touch rye. He considers it almost as deleterious as water."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Almost Got Its Name.

Communication had been established at last with Mars. The man at the interplanetary telephone called out:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" came the answer back.

"Am I speaking to Mars?"

"To whom?"

"Mars."

"Try again. I don't understand you."

"Stand a little farther away from the phone, please."

"I say—hear me any better now?"

"Yes."

"Is this Mars?"

"What?"

"Mars—fourth planet in order of distance from the sun—Mercury, Venus, Earth—this is the Earth—Mars. That's you, you know."

"No, sir. You are away off. You haven't got the names of any of them right. This is the fourth planet from the sun, but its name is not Mars. It is—"

(But the world is not ripe for this knowledge yet.)—Chicago Tribune.

Taking the Cowboy's Picture.

"Now," said the border photographer, pulling his gun and leveling it across the camera at the man in the chair, "will you have the kindness to look pleasant?"

Much amused by the cheek and the cool nerve of the request thus conveyed, the bold cowboy smiled broadly, and at that instant the border photographer pressed the button.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

New College President.

The trustees of Amherst College have announced the election of Professor George Harris of Andover as president of the college.

President Harris was born in East Machias, Me., in 1844, and received his early education in the public schools of that town. At the age of eighteen he entered Amherst College, and was graduated four years later. He then took a three years' course at Andover Theological Seminary.

Soon after his graduation he became a pastor of the High Street Congregational church of Auburn, Me. He remained in Auburn three years, leaving there to accept the pastorate of the Central Congregational church of Providence, R. I. In 1888 he was elected professor of theology at Andover Theological Seminary, where he has remained until the present time.

The statement comes from New York that hotel proprietors throughout the country are complaining of loss of business due to the decline in the number of commercial travelers on the road, which is in turn due to the formation of trusts. It is asserted that something like 75,000 "drummers" have been thrown out of employment recently under the rapid reorganization of industry into large monopolistic combinations. This is a surprising figure, but it may be a measurably true one.

VERMONT NEWS.

The matter of the laying of the corner stone of Dewey memorial hall at Norwich university has been postponed until the arrival of Admiral Dewey, on which a day will be definitely determined upon, which will allow of the admiral's presence. Of all the proposed Dewey memorials throughout the country this unquestionably proves the most popular, as is materially demonstrated by the fact that within the last 30 days nearly \$30,000 has been received from New York city alone, to say nothing of a like amount having been pledged.

Mrs. A. E. Rathbone of Poulney is the possessor of a bank note issued by the Cubans for five cinco centavos. It was a gift from her brother, Lathrop Macy, who was in the United States army in Cuba. The note has value.

Major S. P. Jocelyn arrived at his home in Burlington last week from Camp Meade near Harrisburg, Pa., where he has been mustering out the volunteer regiments. He has left for San Francisco, where he has been ordered to meet the returning transports from the Philippines and master out the regiments sent home.

Legend of a Drug.

Chinese herbs usually have some legend connected with them to illustrate their virtues, and this is the story connected with the "Haw" herb: Haw Show Woo was a very good, very devout and very old man. One day he was accused of stealing the affections of his brother's wife and was sent to prison for trial. He became very hungry and prayed to the gods as became a man of his great piety. During the night a bush sprang up through the floor of his dungeon, and in the morning the famished man ate the leaves. Days went by while he was waiting for his trial, and he continued to piece out his scanty diet with the leaves of the bush. When he was taken into court for trial the officers exclaimed: "This is not the man who was arrested and confined in the cell. The culprit is an old man; this is a young man."

Sure enough Haw had become a young man to all appearances again. He was innocent of the charge against him, and when released by the judge Haw told him the story of the little plant that had grown up in his cell and how he had eaten the leaves.

The officials dug up the shrub and presented it to the emperor. His family for many years was the only one that had the privilege of eating the sacred leaves. But as time passed slips were cut from it and sent through the kingdom, and now the commonest coolie may eat of the wonderful Haw plant and renew his youth if he possesses enough money.—San Francisco Call.

The Highest Windmill.

The highest windmill in England is the "High Mill" at Great Yarmouth. It is believed also to be the highest in the world. Built in 1812, at a total cost of \$50,000, its height in brick is 100 feet, and the wooden cage on the summit further increases this another ten feet. In a high wind the mill works at 30 horsepower and is capable of grinding nine comb of wheat an hour or crushing ten comb of oats an hour.

It Didn't Matter.

A bluff old farmer with a loud voice got in at a little station and walked down the aisle looking for a friendly face or a kindly eye, but not seeing any he asked the most sour looking man on the car to move over and give him a seat. The fellow did so, but with a manner that indicated that the old man was anything but welcome. The old farmer wanted to talk, and tried in every way to engage his seatmate in conversation, but the through passenger would have none of it. He turned his shoulder to the farmer and gazed out of the window with a bored expression on his face. The old farmer was determined to draw him out, and after several ineffectual efforts raised his voice loud enough to be heard all over the car and said:

"I killed a hog yesterday for my winter's meat. How much d'ye think he weighed?"

The through passenger looked worse bored than ever, but finally said, "I don't know anything about hogs."

"Oh, well, you might make a guess."

"Well, say 300."

"No, he didn't weigh that much. Guess again."

"Well, I'll say 200."

"Too high. He wasn't as heavy as that. Make another guess."

"I'm not good at guessing. How much did he weigh, anyhow?"

"Well, you have had two guesses. But you see he wasn't much of a hog, and I didn't weigh him."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

He Raised a Storm.

A handsome young fellow stood at the glove counter of a large store the other day and fairly hypnotized the four girl attendants.

He had a word for one, a smile for another, a wink for a third and a pink for the fourth—by far the prettiest of the quartet.

The floral offering was too much for the pinkies three, and they all turned on the radiant recipient of the flower. "Say, Nellie Norries, you're too fresh! Ain't you got a nerve! Flirting that way with a stranger!"

"Oh, go on!" laughed the shameless one. "Youse all jealous! 'Tain't my fault if he thinks me the prettiest!"

The young man laughed gayly.

"That's so," he said. "And you are too."

He was a silly young man.

For the trio now attacked him with zesty bitterness.

"Say, mister, you'd better get your change and go before the floorwalker comes around. You'll get that poor girl discharged, and that'll be a nice thing, when her father drinks and her mother's in the hospital."

"Nellie" turned on them like a fury. "Don't you tell no lies about me," she said fiercely, "or for two pins I'll tell what you said about the floorwalker. You talk to me all you like, young man."

But the young man had fled before the storm that he had so foolishly fomented.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Dropped" Eggs.

What we in New England call dropped eggs all the rest of the country call poached eggs, but I am going to stick to the name in spite of everything and call the method I am going to give you now "dropped eggs."

Put one quart of boiling water, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of vinegar in a frying pan. Place in the pan as many muffin rings as there are eggs to be dropped and set the pan where the water will just bubble at one side. Break each egg carefully and drop it into a ring. If an egg seems not exactly fresh, or if the yolk breaks, do not use it. Cook until the whites of the eggs are firmly set, then gently pour off the water, remove the rings and lift the eggs with a cake turner; place them on slices of buttered toast and serve at once. Putting them in muffin rings makes it much easier to do them and bring them out whole. It may take a little practice to serve a dish perfectly, but when once you get the knack you will wonder that you ever had any trouble or thought it once hard to do.—Woman's Home Companion.

His Counterpart.

"I never expected to hear of Wellup marrying anybody. He was such a tough old bachelor."

"Yes; but the woman he married was such a tender young widow!"—Chicago

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